

T.H.

T H E

J U V E N A L I A D.

George Waller

A S A T I R E.

HÆC SI QUIS MERUISSET, FINGAT, ERUBESCAT, PENITENTIAM AGAT, PRÆCIPUE
CALUMNIATOR; — *Fons enim est omnium fere malorum, quibus præsum deorsum turbatur Vita*
Mortalium. —

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T H F

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DEDICATION.

LITTLE solicitous of the public
Fate of the following Production,
as I contend not for, or expect Fame; I
ask not for Patronage from the great,
the rich, or the vain; 'tis to thee,
READER, I address myself, and if
thou hast never repin'd at the Welfare
of thy Neighbour, hast never traduc'd
his Character, hast never told a mali-
cious Lie to hurt his Interest, 'tis of thee

DEDICATION.

I profess myself an Admirer, 'tis to thee
I wou'd wish to be honor'd with the
Name of Friend, and it is to thee this
Trifle is most respectfully dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

T H E
J U V E N A L I A D.

P. — **I** TELL you, No! my soul disdains
The curb of servile Art's too cautious reins,
(Free from those shackles which so firmly bind
The worldling's tongue, and can enslave his mind,)
He roves at large, his honest feeling owns,
And boldly speaks, tho' artful PRUDENCE frowns.

What is't to me, who from my earliest youth
Have lov'd, rever'd, ador'd the voice of Truth,
Shou'd all mankind my actions disapprove,
Nay, e'en my friendship construe selfish love?
Collected in itself my heart can stand,
And patient smile at Envy's red right hand,
Tho' it shou'd fall with complicated rage,
By fools encreas'd, or more inflam'd by age.

B

What!

What ! tho' my steps no common track pursue,
 What ! tho' I tread a path entirely new ;
 Has sage Morality e'er prov'd the case,
 That thoughts peculiar must the man debase ?
 Must I, because I hate all gen'ral rule,
 Become OR MADMAN, REPROBATE, OR FOOL ?

Think nobly, Friend—forbear to teize me more,
 And let me jogg thro' life as heretofore :
 Dupe to no Pow'r, I fear no mortal's hate,
 And Truth will speak to life's remotest date.

F. Bold truths too oft offend, then drop your pen,
 At least employ it, *****, in flatt'ring men ;
 It is the road—the *only* road we know,
 Dependence with success can travel through ;
 FOOLS will approve the music of your tongue ;
 And KNAVES declare it with persuasion hung ;
 PRUDES will forget their rancor, smile applause,
 And vindicate, or right, or wrong, your cause ;
 Slow crawling, peevish age with tott'ring gait
 Will croud your door, and all your motions wait,
 Ask Heav'n to bless you with their latest breath,
 And catch your voice e'en in the pang of death :

Nor

THE JUVENALIAD.

3

Nor will GOOD-SENSE the sacrifice refuse,
But love that incense you'll not deign to use :
ALL, ALL pay homage at the crouded shrine,
Adore the God, and think the Priest divine.

On terms like these indulge at large your rhimes,
Extol men's virtues, but forget their crimes :
Still shou'd your soul disdain the prudent plan,
In silence rest, read, think, and spare the man ;
'Tis better far in dark oblivion's shade
To sink, than to the world run retrograde.

P. Must I then prostitute my honest lays,
And flatter vice to court unworthy praise ?
Or, as if curs'd with apathy, retire,
And quench each spark of Truth's celestial fire,
Blunt Satire's point, forbid his keenest blow,
And Vice in borrow'd colors faintly shew ?
It cannot be, my Friend, tho' Int'rest pleads,
Shrinks at his wounds, and like a victim bleeds.
In vain's the labour of the good and great,
If coward Fear their efforts can defeat ;
If coward Fear can stop the swelling tide,
And turn the rapid stream of honest pride :

VIRTUE

VIRTUE no longer shall enrich our fame,
And WORTH, *once valu'd*, drop into a name.

Forbid it, Heav'n! that I shou'd ever dare
To screen a villain, or his vices spare:
O! rather, rather let me greatly live
The hate of those, who study to deceive;
Who, slave-like, only to their int'rest bend,
And for that cause desert their dearest friend,
Dissolve without regret each tender tie,
Shuffle with GOD, and to their SAVIOUR lie.

Have I not seen men, grey with worldly cares,
Within God's sacred walls sigh forth their pray'rs,
Address Omniscience with apparent zeal,
And vow 'twas great, his saving Grace to feel;
Make all the world their pious fraud believe,
And with impunity the world deceive?
For Vice too oft religious outside wears,
And Honor's ensigns unsuspected bears.

Have I not known th' insinuating slave,
Rascal compleat, an all-accomplish'd knave,

THE JUVENALIA D.

5

Steal to your breast, and wind about your heart,
Then play at large the veriest villain's part,
Secrets extort, Caution wou'd with unknown,
And blast your prospects to compleat his own?

Can we forget that worse than vicious Blade,
Exposing innocence his art betray'd,
Who Pleasure courts at Virtue's sad expence,
Obeys each impulse of lascivious sense,
Whose heart joys only in superfluous pelf,
And loves no living mortal but himself?

Are these, or such as these, my cautious Friend !
Objects to flatter, Worthies to defend ?
When slaves like these attract th' observant eye,
All compliment I throw indignant by ;
Here shou'd I blush with flatt'ry to begin,
Indeed the slightest touch I think a sin ;
Nay here, e'en temperate Mercy must allow,
Silence to Honor is a mortal foe.

F. Rail then at Vice with all the force you can,
Guide not the public eye to reach the man ;
Leave it for Conscience to reform the sin,
Conscience, that certain monitor within,

Most awful Judge! from whose all-piercing eye
No Art can cloak us, no Chicane can fly :
So sure, so sharp, he points his smallest dart,
That villains feel it rankle in the heart.

'Tis not 'cause Folly you severely lash,
Mankind proclaims you splenetic, and rash,
'Tis 'cause you mark the object of disgrace,
And will confront the Rascal to his face ;
Alter the mode—then boldly speak aloud,
You'll shun the stigma of a cens'ring croud.

P. Still, will you still persist, for ever wrong,
And form your notions by the giddy throng,
Turn Advocate for fools, and what is worse,
By false humanity be Virtue's curse ?

What cares the villain for the iron Rod,
Whilst Mercy checks the angry Arm of God !
What does the Atheist care while jocund day
Makes Nature smile, and all the world look gay,
Let light'ning flash, Heav'n's thunder dreadful roll,
Then see the doubtful conflict of his soul.

THE JUVENALIA D.

7

So bad, so boldly base, the present times,
No Age lives free from most enormous crimes ;
E'en sweet sixteen, as well as twenty-four,
With lordly air drinks, games, and keeps his whore :

No Rank's exempt—for now e'en thrifty trade
Is little less than Lord in masquerade ;
Whatever errors Luxury can send,
Whatever vice Depravity can lend,
The little world transplants with nicest care,
Nurtures within, and lets it flourish there.

'Tis not enough that Vice we shou'd pursue
With keenest rage, but to the public view
Expose the culprit, else he flies the sting,
Tho' drench'd in vice, lives like a guiltless thing.

Did not ALPHONZO with his smooth address,
Plunge youths unnumber'd in severe distress ;
Year after year parental care defeat,
And unsuspecting Honor hourly cheat :
Did he not plunder all who ask'd his aid,
And rob the needy, whom his art betray'd :

Practise

Practise each trick that AVARICE cou'd teach,
 Seize ev'ry trifle VILLAINY cou'd reach ;
 'Till hell's best angel, in a lucky hour,
 Tir'd of his lawless crimes, withdrew his pow'r ;
 His pupil left amidst his golden dreams,
 And with a common trinket damn'd his schemes ;
 Held up the bauble to th' astonish'd town,
 And mark'd the baleful MISCREANT as his own ?

Of what avail th' advice of early days ?
 Or what the music of sweet Virtue's praise ?
 What was the use of gen'ral satire's pen ?
 Or what is conscience to the worst of men ?

Long had they try'd their complicated force,
 But vain their efforts, to retard his course,
 'Till from the *heights of Vice* TRUTH headlong hurl'd
 The Wretch, and gave him naked to the world.
 CAN HE REPENT ?—*all fly his hated door,*
Perhaps he will—NOW HE CAN SIN NO MORE.

Shall HARPAX live beneath the ermin'd gown,
 Destroy all Order, throw all Justice down,

Plead

THE JUVENALIAD.

9

Plead in support of ev'ry *dirty Whore*,
In hopes to gain one single shilling more?

Shall he, mean Wretch! the fordid joke prepare,
For those whom nobler sense wou'd ever spare,
For those, whom Heav'n denies all mental light,
And scarce permits to know or wrong or right;
With sneer sarcastic, gall the idiot race,
And strut, approv'd, with Front of tripple Brass?

Shall he whom chance has set in judgement's seat,
Her just decrees by Impudence defeat?
By Impudence alone, the world deride,
Avow his lust, and boast his brutal pride?

Shall he, by no one gen'rous motive blest,
Cheat the good heart, and make himself carest;
That men by art, from all suspicion free,
Are led to think him what he ought to be?

Shall he on easy fools incessant play,
And gaping blockheads lead for e'er astray,
By noise alone self-consequence attain,
Be loudly dull—superlatively vain?

D

Shall

Shall he whom deeds aloud declare so foul,
Riot in sin that feeds his lech'rous soul?

Shall he, without one single Virtue, move
The bustling million, roar them into love;
Scatter abroad whate'er can serve his cause,
Slander a Saint, and bow to Belial's laws?

And shall not Satire touch his tender part,
Strike at his pow'r, if not reclaim his heart?
Sure social Duty first the lesson taught,
Pause but a moment, you'll approve the thought.

*But some there are who more securely play,
And slyly throw their bowls another way;
Softly and smooth they creep along the green,
The pace so equal, it can scarce be seen:
Yet still unwearied labor to the end,
And vice the certain jack to which they tend.*

EUPHRASTUS, so the cunning cur we call,
Serenely grave, he never trips at all;
He, civil Soul! pursues his wonted game
To-day, to-morrow, and the next the same;

Meet

THE JUVENALIAD.

11

Meet him where'er you will, his chearful smile
Speaks peace within, an heart quite free from guile ;
When Passion leads him from his wife astray,
As oft it does I know in open day,
See him all faint, you'd swear he cou'd not sin,
Nor e'er suspect the Devil lurk'd within :
Yet certain 'tis, that scarce an hour is gone,
He whores with SUKY, and gets drunk with JOHN.

Hear him whilst o'er the jocund bowl we sit,
He rails at women, and condemns all wit :
Mention with rapture but your fav'rite toast,
Call for a wench, the pious stoic's lost ;
Shrinks at the thought, turns up his wond'ring eyes,
And blesses God his virtue never dies :
Flies quickly home to his deluded wife,
And groans forth horror at these scenes of life.

Talk of Religion, moral Good, or Evil,
So perfect pure he seems, he fears no devil.
On Sunday church his steady steps invites,
To all his family he prays at nights,
And what the end ? t'adore his God you'll guess,
For to all-bounteous Heav'n can he do less ?

On

On these incitements, Friend ! he never dreams,
 All trick, t'assist his more designing schemes :
 By these the best of characters he'll raise,
 Cajole Mankind, and cheat them into praise ;
 Fawn with success, bow, flatter, sell his vote,
 His honor, friends, and country for a groat.
 Yet still, tho' hourly sinning, men applaud
 The shuffling Minion, whose whole soul is fraud—
So soft, so mild, so sweet, this pretty creature,
That Virtue seems to smile in ev'ry feature ;
 Hence the rank Hypocrite obtains his pow'r,
 And largely deals forth mischief ev'ry hour ;
 Reasons at distance when a tale is brought,
 And fighs away a Character to nought ;
 Deadens all Praise, whenever Praise appears,
 Wounds by Concern, and damns you by his Fears.

ASTUTUS next among the group attends,
 The friendliest fellow with the fewest friends ;
 Grave, sober, watchful, rather fly than just
 He owns one God—IN MAMMON'S GOLDEN DUST :
 Yet, wou'd you credit what the grey beard says,
 He never swerv'd thro' life from Honor's ways ;

Tears

Tears of soft pity trickle down his cheek,
 If e'er distress his willing aid shou'd seek :
 If e'er misfortune clouds the Widow's brow,
 Ope fly his coffers without pomp or shew :
So delicate his Thought, for mod'rate Gain
 Unask'd, he'll offer to relieve her pain,
 Warm her cold heart, lull all her fears to rest,
 And ease the throbbings of her woe-fraught breast.
 Must not we smile to hear the *crafty JEW*,
 Shylock more subtle than e'er Shakespeare drew,
 Pretend to pour within Affliction's ear
 The balm of Comfort, if no Profit's near ?
 Attend the sequel, mark with care th' event,
His Friendship only lives—in ten per cent.

Sunk in Distress poor VIDUA sought his aid.
 (Distress no human Knowledge cou'd evade)
 The sum not large—she begg'd he wou'd ^{procure} ~~secure~~ it.
 —At five per cent. good Ma'am, I may ^{procure} ~~secure~~ it.
 ' *All U's'ry then your Goodness will forget,*
 ' *That Tax on Poverty so swells the debt.*
 ' *The Int'rest's high—but, Sir, the trick of trade*
 ' *On needy Friends is cruel to be play'd ;*
 ' *For Premiums plunge them deeper in Distress,*
 ' *And you rejoice to make Misfortunes less.*

E

“ Money's /

“ Money’s so scarce, I’ve rumag’d all the town,
 “ And can’t obtain a tenth of what’s my own ;
 “ *Curse on the Banks !*—But you, my gentle Fair !
 “ So flight’s the Tribute, will repay my Care ;
 “ ’Tis not the fordid Gain ASTUTUS loves,
 “ But, as the fee of Gratitude, approves.
 “ Besides, I’m secret as the silent grave,
 “ Play not the BRAGGART, or the babbling Knave
 “ Like other Funds.—For there a trifle borrow,
 “ The Loan, alas ! they’ll trumpet forth to-morrow ;
 “ Destroy your credit, call Suspicion forth,
 “ Was it to seize each shilling that you’re worth.

Curse on the fox ! how well he plays his part,
 Plunders your purse, and yet secures your heart ;
 Whate’er’s the Pretext, on this truth depend,
 Int’rest’s the Motive, Pleasure is the End.

For lo ! at follies of the simplest kind,
 Follies to which his Age is not inclin’d,
 He’ll rail—and yet, on tott’ring knees, this Sinner
 Hovers o’er PHILLIS, treats her with a dinner,
 Warm’d with false fire, admires her world of charms,
 And snores thro’ Impotence within her arms ;

Loves,

Loves, doats, and dreams, 'tis true, beyond all measure,
Still largely pays his Punk—FOR WANT OF PLEASURE.

Can we suppose a Wretch like this shou'd steal
Men's gen'ral Ear, and all their favors feel?

Can we suppose a prudent Parent's choice,
Shou'd fix him Guardian with his dying voice,
Leave to his Care the sweetest joys of life,
A prattling infant, and a darling wife?

If Satire dares not push such Villains forth,
Where's th' advantage of intrinsic worth?
Since outward Shew all penetration blinds,
And Prudence cloaks secure the basest minds.

For here 'mongst these tho' Vice triumphant reigns,
And with full force her ev'ry Pow'r maintains;
Yet still like Virtue rigidly she frowns,
And Folly's footsteps publicly disowns;
Whene'er she trips, with vehemence declaims,
Nor spares, or pardons what her art once blames;
Nay e'en invents whatever can destroy,
The bliss of Innocence, or social Joy.

Oh!

Oh! gen'rous EUPHRON! now my weakness bear,
 Remembrance calls the melancholly tear,
 For know—O! curse the damn'd, prolific Brain
 That dar'd contrive so foul, so black a stain;
 To arts like these, EUDOCIA injur'd fell,
 To arts like these, blacker than blackest hell,
 She fell beneath vile Slander's deadly blow,
 "Tho' chaste as ice, and pure as falling snow."

Nor think that crimes with manhood only dwell,
 Females there are who 'gainst their God rebel;
 At least attempt to break each social tie,
 Against this great Command, "THOU SHALT NOT LIE."

Is there a stroke afflicts the human race,
 To Fame so deadly, or so void of grace?
 Who 'gainst the secret Murderer can stand,
 When black Assassination arms his hand?
 The wound is mortal, e'er the blow we feel,
 And life expires beneath the reeking steel.

BUXOMIA ask, *her* Practice will confess,
 What Characters she's butcher'd merciless:

She

She, like an hungry wolf, prowls forth for prey,
 Devours each tender lambkin in her way ;
 Nor pray'rs, intreaties, not the voice of God,
 Can drive this Harpie from her bloody road :
 Custom to her so reconciles the deed,
 She'd smile to see her very father bleed ;
 Shou'd he ask mercy on his bended knee,
 She with contempt wou'd from his presence flee,
 Rack her invention, strain her ev'ry nerve,
Damn his old age, and Slander strictly serve.

Shou'd Justice force her at his bar t'appear,
 And Truth detect her in her full career,
 When Virtue, injur'd, asks some small relief,
 Wounded by Cruelty, o'erwhelm'd with Grief ;
 Shou'd Proof on Proof to full conviction rise,
 And Guilt detected ope her haggard eyes ;
 So lost to Shame, she'll openly deny
 The glaring fact, *and swear it all a Lie ;*
 Or slip a day—some subterfuge she's got,
It might be so perhaps—or it might not ;
She cou'd not tell exactly—but she'd rather
Die this very hour—than it go farther ;

Yet turn your back—she'll chatter o'er bohea,
 And pour forth Scandal, as she pours forth tea ;
 Nor spare or sex, or age, or quick, or dead,
 FOR ENVY'S SNAKES HISS HORRID ROUND HER HEAD.

So fond of talking, so compleatly vain,
 That modest Sense ne'er sees her without pain.

So fond of mischief, and so full of spleen,
 The eye of Candor weeps whene'er she's seen.

See her stalk forth full-blown with selfish Pride,
 As her fond husband dangles by her side ;
 Do you not think that Nature mis'd her aim,
 And meant the Breeches for the lofty Dame ?
 Not in her form alone appears disguise,
 SHE'S ALL DECEIT—ask but the good, and wise.

F. In Characters like this—where's Satire's use ?
 Not to reform—What then ?

P. Prevent Abuse.

If boldly base, they still persist, 'tis right
 To hold such Hell-form'd Harpies up to fight ;

And

And to the public eye conspicuous shew,
These vile, remorseless, Ministers of Woe ;
That men may fly their presence—as the Brake
Where lurks the basilisk, or speckl'd snake.

GOSSIPPA plays the circumspetious scout,
Always in error, still she's ne'er found out ;
Whatever flurs on Characters she throws,
She begs the Author you will ne'er expose,
She hates all proving—and you may depend
On what she says—'tis true—she is your friend.
Thro' all the town she prattles in an hour,
Whispers the secret Mischief door by door ;
The self-same promise from each soul exacts,
And Slander's Engine thus securely acts :
On all alike her vile Invectives throws,
Nor spares a Stranger, or the Friend she knows.
No tie can stay the curs'd censorious Dame,
A PALMES's Goodness, or a DEALTRY's Fame.

Big with the Ruin of the trading town,
Where sad Misfortune threw her children down ;
Ere early Day had from his truckle bed
Th' apprentice rouz'd, or the good housewife led,

(For

(For busy Mischief's ever on the wing
Strike at a cobbler, or attack a King.)

The chatt'ring Minx I met—who thus began,

“ Have you not heard the news ? unthinking man !

“ Why trifle thus ?—why waste your precious time

“ In moral Dullness ? or with coxcomb Rhime ?

“ Get money fool ! 'tis money'll make you blest,

“ Without it Sense, and Virtue are a jest.

“ 'Tis said, the Tradesmen's ways of going on

“ Will shortly level ALL as low as JOHN ;

“ I know it for a certain fact—a score,

“ Nay faith, I might have said, as many more,

“ Before the farmer drinks his Christmas ale,

“ Will all be worse than nothing.—*they must fail.*”

“ THEATOR's shop was shut up yesterday,

“ Slight is the composition he will pay ;

“ It must be so—for he can never dine

“ Without four dishes, and large draughts of wine.

“ Besides his wife, oh ! monstrous !—decks her face

“ At nights with costly Caps of Brussell's lace :

“ She dresses, bless me ! always like a Queen,

“ And scorns in Stuff, or Cotton to be seen ;

“ Fine

“ Fine doings these—sure trade can ne’er afford it,
“ You all shou’d leave off bus’ness e’er you LORD IT.
“ Assemblies, plays, those dissipating scenes
“ The great enjoy, no one in trade refrains ;
“ And she, I know, amidst the dancing ring
“ Was always trick’d out as the finest thing.”

Your pardon, Ma’am, forgive my blunt reply,
’Tis false as hell, a damn’d ill-natur’d lie :
I saw Theator, he the tale had heard,
’Twas void of Truth in ev’ry single word.

If simple neatness meets your high disdain,
You may be angry, she was neatly plain.

A frugal plenty he cou’d well afford,
And chearful welcome grac’d his friendly board ;
When biting want oppress’d the hungry poor,
Relief was certain at his gen’rous door.
And is’t not hard—that Heart a friend to all,
Shou’d by th’ envenom’d tongue of Slander fall ?
Go, get you home—prostrate yourself ’fore Heav’n,
And pray, *for you have need*, to be forgiv’n.

How vain's advice, where Proofs can naught avail,
 Her soul she'd rather risque, than drop her tale ;
 Tho' strong Conviction star'd her in the face,
 The HAG still babbl'd on from place to place,
 Damn'd poor THEATOR with a Bankrupt's name,
 And levell'd Ruin at his honest Fame.

Not so PRUDENTIA she the World beholds
 As careful Shepherds watch their tender folds,
 Let's not a single sheep unheeded stray,
 But eyes the fleecy offspring e'en in play.
 Hence seems to bless all mankind with her love,
 Implore in their behalf the Gods above ;
 She thinks all Censure cruel—hates the tale,
 And cannot bear the name of those who rail :
 And why ? she doats on universal praise,
 The flatt'ring Idol courts ten thousand ways ;
 To gain't her point, no labor's too severe,
 A W***** flatter, or a W***** revere ;
 Cringe to a B*****, vindicate R*****,
 Slight worthy ROWE, or charitable WARD.
 Covet her heart—the bus'ness soon is done,
 The Prize by ev'ry Coxcomb may be won :

Tell her she's pleasing—she declares you're clever :
Tell her she's good—in faith she's yours for ever.

Yet still with all that labor to atchieve
What none shou'd e'er expect, or few believe ;
From men who can discern, she cannot hide
The glitt'ring compost, they'll the mass divide ;
By subtle arts the smallest atom try,
And find th' intrinsic worth with chemic eye :
The base alloy may cheat unthinking fools,
But cannot stand the test of Reason's rules.

If Characters appear by all confess
High wrought with Worth, with Goodness greatly blest,
(Save where fond Hope of Interest, or of Fame,
Impresses Silence on th' expectant Dame,)
Some Hint, *as if unwilling*, she lets fall,
And strikes severely at the Root of all.
A nod, a shrugg, with hands uplifted high,
A word, half sentences, and upturn'd eye,
Speak wond'rous Wisdom in a fair so mild,
Who seems in native purity a Child.
There must be something in't the World agrees,
For she good soul ! ne'er mentions aught she sees.

Hence

Hence EUPHRON trembles, hence PHILOTES bleeds,
Hence VIRTUE, faultless, falls, whilst VICE succeeds.

To lesser Crimes how rigidly severe!
How tender in your Judgment are you here!

FURTUS is flogg'd,—to ease dread hunger's Pains
He robs your Cupboard,—yet what Tongue complains?

LATRO's convicted,—Latro was a Thief,
What Foot will stir to give a Rogue relief?
ALL, ALL cry hang him—tho' th' offence shou'd save
A Mother, Wife, and Children from the Grave.

DIDO, thro' Love, put on the shameful Sheet,
Held the white Wand, and bar'd her tender feet;
With hair uncomb'd the penal Passage trod.
And trembling stood before her angry GOD.

What Heart laments? whence drops the woe-fraught Tear?
Pity may dwell at ROME—it lives not HERE.

If you'll not mitigate to crimes like these
The cruel scourge, but let their tortures please;

Shall

Shall your cool reason for worse VILLAINS plead?
Or shall your silence sanctify the deed?

WHERE CANKER'D CALUMNY MAKES ALL A PREY,
CREEPS SHE BY NIGHT, OR STALKS IN OPEN DAY.

“ Who robs my Purse, Necessity may drive,
“ As Chance directs, to keep his soul alive;
“ But he who dares my Character defame,
“ Robs me indeed, he ever damns my Name.”

And shou'd not we exert our utmost skill,
To drag the Culprits forth against their will,
Disrobe them freely of all vile pretence,
And call in public for their best defence?
No threat'ning Vengeance shall my soul affright,
LET THEM REVILE—by all the Pow'rs I'll write.

F. Tho' full of danger is the arduous task,
To check the honest Muse no more I'll ask;
Necessity approves the great design,
I feel it's Force, and wish the Pow'r was mine.
Go on—

P. I will—but now my sick'ning Muse
Droops at the dismal prospect which she views,

Asks for some respite, seeks the lonely cell,
 Where wounded Honesty may safely dwell;
 For whilst such crouds, on crouds of base bad men
 She views, she must, she shall employ her pen;
 Strain ev'ry pow'r—at CALUMNY let fly,
 'Till awful Fate shall summons her to die;
 WELL PLEAS'D SHE THEN WILL TEMPT THE DREARY WAY,
 ON HOPE'S BRIGHT WINGS TO SEEK A BETTER DAY.

THE END



